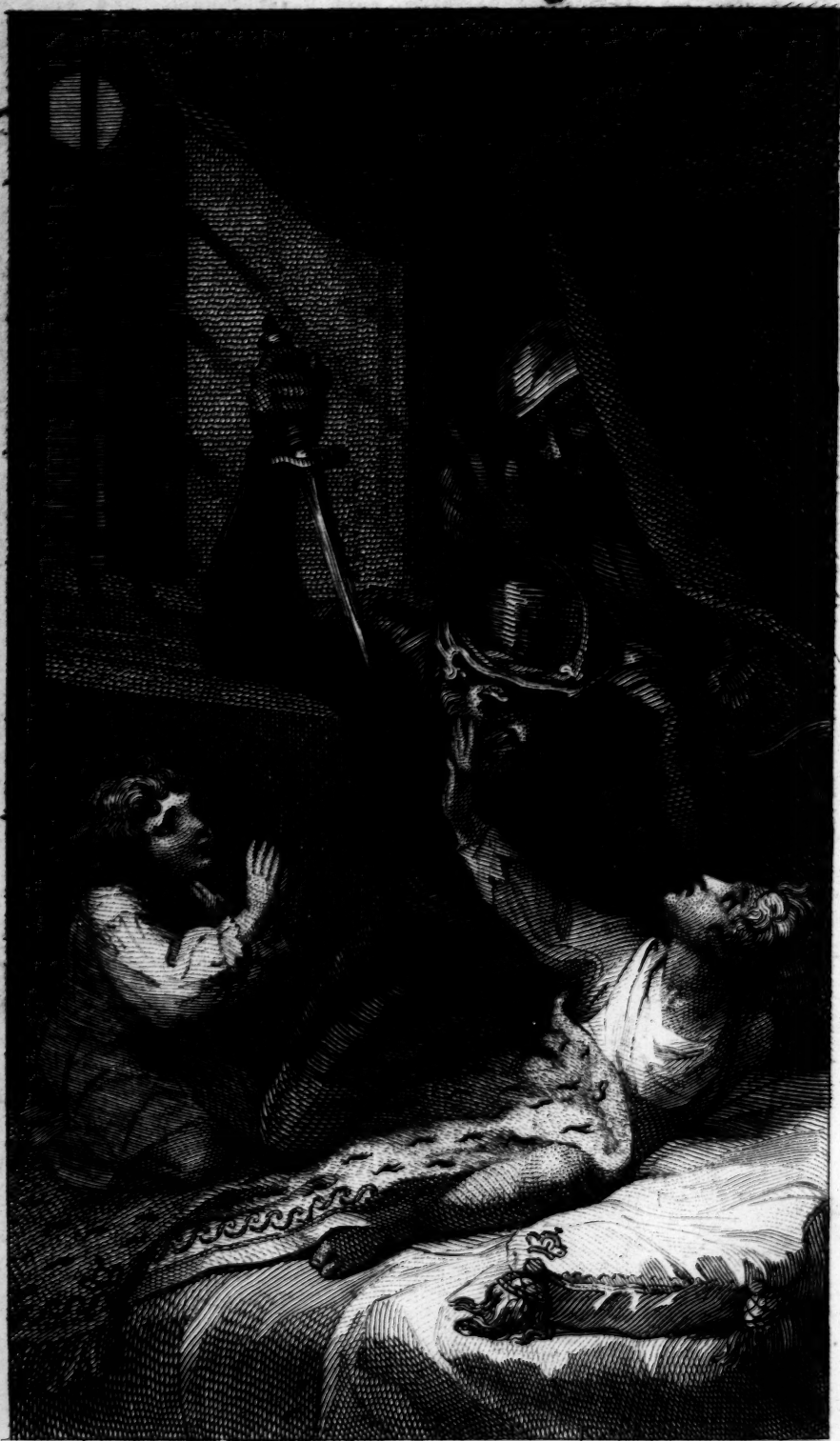


Drawn by Maria Colway.

Engraved by Isaac Taylor Junr.

*Published as the Act directs. April 25. 1786. by T. Cadell, Strand.*



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P O E M S,

BY

*W. Sumner*

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

---

VOL. I.

---

L O N D O N :

Printed by A. RIVINGTON and J. MARSHALL,  
FOR THOMAS CADELL IN THE STRAND.

M D C C L X X X V I .



H

I

Jeff

to

of

Jeff

TO

H E R M A J E S T Y.

M A D A M,

I AM too sensible of the distinguished honour conferred upon me, in your Majesty's gracious protection of these Poems, to abuse it by adopting the common strain of dedication.

That praise corresponds best to your Majesty's generous feelings, which is poured

A 2

with-

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15

## DEDICATION.

without restraint from the heart, and is repeated where you cannot hear.

I suppress therefore, in delicacy to those feelings, the warmth of my own, and subscribe myself,

M A D A M,

With profound respect,

Your MAJESTY'S

Devoted servant,

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.





P R E F A C E.

**T**HE apprehension which it becomes me to feel, in submitting these Poems to the judgment of the Public, may perhaps plead my excuse, for detaining the reader to relate, that they were written under the disadvantages of a confined education, and at an age too young for the attainment of an accurate taste. My first production, the Legendary Tale of Edwin and Eltruda, was composed to amuse some solitary hours, and without any view to publication. Being shewn to Dr. Kippis, he declared that it

## P R E F A C E.

deserved to be committed to the press, and offered to take upon himself the task of introducing it to the world. I could not hesitate to publish a composition which had received the sanction of his approbation. By the favourable reception this little poem met with, I was encouraged still farther to meet the public eye, in the "Ode on the Peace," and the poem which has the title of "Peru." These poems are inserted in the present collection, but not exactly in their original form. I have felt it my duty to exert my endeavours in such a revision and improvement of them, as may render them somewhat more worthy of perusal. It will, I am afraid, still be found, that there are several things in them which would shrink at the approach  
of

## P R E F A C E.

of severe criticism. The other poems that now for the first time appear in print, are offered with a degree of humility rather increased than diminished, by the powerful patronage with which they have been honoured, in consequence of the character given of them by partial friends. Knowing how strongly affection can influence opinion, the kindness which excites my warmest gratitude has not inspired me with confidence.

When I survey such an evidence of the zeal of my friends to serve me, as the following honourable and extensive list affords, I have cause for exultation in having published this work by subscription. They

## P R E F A C E.

who know my disposition, will readily believe that the tear which fills my eye, while I thank them for their generous exertions, flows not from the consideration of the benefits that have arisen from their friendship. It is to that friendship itself, that my heart pays a tribute of affection which I will not attempt to express—for my pen is unfaithful to my purpose.—While I am employed in testifying my thankfulness for the favours I have received, it is impossible that I should forget how much I owe to one Gentleman in particular, whose exertions in my behalf, though I was a stranger to him, have been so marked, so generous, and indeed so unexampled, that it is a very painful task which his delicacy has imposed upon me, in  
not



## P R E F A C E.

not permitting me to mention his name. But such goodness cannot be concealed. The gratitude of my own heart has proclaimed it to my private friends; and the noble and honourable subscribers his zeal has procured, cannot avoid being sensible to whom I am indebted for so illustrious a patronage.



L I S T

O F

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C O N.



# C O N T E N T S

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STAT 2 A 3 1 1 1

A



A N

A M E R I C A N T A L E.

VOL. I.

B



A N

A M E R I C A N T A L E.

---

A H! pity all the pangs I feel,  
“ If pity e’er ye knew ;—

An aged father’s wounds to heal,

“ Thro’ scenes of death I flew.

B 2

“ Per-

4 AN AMERICAN TALE.

“ Perhaps my hast’ning steps are vain,

“ Perhaps the warrior dies !——

“ Yet let me sooth each parting pain——

“ Yet lead me where he lies.”——

Thus to the list’ning band she calls,

Nor fruitless her desire,

They lead her, panting, to the walls

That hold her captive fire.

“ And is a daughter come to bless

“ These aged eyes once more ?

“ Thy father’s pains will now be less——

“ His pains will now be o’er !”



“ My



AN AMERICAN TALE.

5

“ My father ! by this waining lamp

“ Thy form I faintly trace :——

“ Yet sure thy brow is cold, and damp,

“ And pale thy honour'd face.

“ In vain thy wretched child is come,

“ She comes too late to save !

“ And only now can share thy doom,

“ And share thy peaceful grave !”

Soft, as amid the lunar beams,

The falling shadows bend,

Upon the bosom of the streams,

So soft her tears descend.

6 AN AMERICAN TALE.

“ Those tears a father ill can bear,

“ He lives, my child, for thee !

“ A gentle youth, with pitying care,

“ Has lent his aid to me.

“ Born in the western world, his hand

“ Maintains its hostile cause,

“ And fierce against Britannia's band

“ His erring sword he draws ;

“ Yet feels the captive Briton's woe ;

“ For his ennobled mind,

“ Forgets the name of Britain's foe,

“ In love of human kind.

“ Yet

" Yet know, my child, a dearer tie

" Has link'd his heart to mine ;

" He mourns with Friendship's holy sigh,

" The youth belov'd of thine !

" But hark ! his welcome feet are near——

" Thy rising grief suppress——

" By darkness veil'd, he hastens here

" To comfort, and to bless."——

" Stranger ! for that dear father's sake

" She cry'd, in accents mild,

" Who lives by thy kind pity, take

" The blessings of his child !

8 AN AMERICAN TALE.

“ Oh, if in heaven, my Edward's breast

“ This deed of mercy knew,

“ That gives my tortur'd bosom rest,

“ He sure would bless thee too !

“ Oh tell me where my lover fell !

“ The fatal scene recall,

“ His last, dear accents, stranger, tell,

“ Oh haste and tell me all !

“ Say, if he gave to love the sigh,

“ That set his spirit free ;

“ Say, did he raise his closing eye,

“ As if it fought for me.”

“ Ask



“ Ask not, her father cry’d, to know

“ What known were added pain ;

“ Nor think, my child, the tale of woe

“ Thy softness can sustain.”

“ Tho’ every joy with Edward fled,

“ When Edward’s friend is near,

“ It sooths my breaking heart, she said,

“ To tell those joys were dear.

“ The western ocean roll’d in vain

“ Its parting waves between,

“ My Edward brav’d the dang’rous main,

“ And blest’d our native scene.

10 AN AMERICAN TALE.

“ Soft Isis heard his artless tale,

“ Ah, stream for ever dear !

“ Whose waters, as they pass’d the vale,

“ Receiv’d a lover’s tear.

“ How could a heart, that virtue lov’d,

“ (And sure that heart is mine)

“ Lamented youth ! behold unmov’d,

“ The virtues that were thine ?

“ Calm, as the surface of the lake,

“ When all the winds are still,

“ Mild, as the beams of morning break,

“ When first they light the hill ;

“ So

“ So calm was his unruffled soul,

“ Where no rude passion strove ;

“ So mild his soothing accents stole,

“ Upon the ear of love.

“ Where are the dear illusions fled

“ Which sooth’d my former hours ?

“ Where is the path that fancy spread,

“ Ah, vainly spread with flowers !

“ I heard the battle’s fearful sounds,

“ They seem’d my lover’s knell——

“ I heard, that pierc’d with ghastly wounds,

“ My vent’rous lover fell !——

12      AN AMERICAN TALE.

“ My sorrows shall with life endure,

“ For he I lov'd is gone ;

“ But something tells my heart, that sure

“ My life will not be long.”——

“ My panting soul can bear no more,

“ The youth, impatient cried,

“ 'Tis Edward bids thy griefs be o'er,

“ My love ! my destin'd bride !

“ The life which heav'n preserv'd, how blest,

“ How fondly priz'd by me,

“ Since dear to my Amelia's breast,

“ Since valued still by thee !

“ My



“ My father saw my constant pain,

“ When thee I left behind,

“ Nor longer will his power restrain,

“ The ties my soul would bind.

“ And soon thy honor'd fire shall cease

“ The captive's lot to bear,

“ And we, my love, will soothe to peace

“ His griefs, with filial care.

“ Then come for ever to my soul !

“ Amelia come, and prove !

“ How calm our blissful years will roll,

“ Along a life of love !——

S O N N E T,

THE AMERICAN

My father is a very capable man.

When I was a child, I was very

happy and content with my lot.

But now I feel that I am

not content with my lot.

I feel that I am not

content with my lot.

I feel that I am not

content with my lot.

I feel that I am not

content with my lot.

I feel that I am not

content with my lot.

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content with my lot.

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content with my lot.

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content with my lot.

I feel that I am not

content with my lot.

S O N N E T,

T O M R S. B A T E S.

O H, thou whose melody the heart obeys,  
Thou who can'st all its subject passions move,  
Whose notes to heav'n the list'ning soul can raise,  
Can thrill with pity, or can melt with love !  
Happy ! whom nature lent this native charm ;  
Whose melting tones can shed with magic power,  
A sweeter pleasure o'er the social hour,  
The breast to softness sooth, to virtue warm——

But

But yet more happy ! that thy life as clear  
From discord, as thy perfect cadence flows ;  
That tun'd to sympathy, thy faithful tear,  
In mild accordance falls for others woes ;  
That all the tender, pure affections bind  
In chains of harmony, thy willing mind !

S O N N E T,



S O N N E T

TO TWILIGHT.

**M**EEK Twilight ! soften the declining day,  
And bring the hour my pensive spirit loves ;  
When, o'er the mountain flow descends the ray  
That gives to silence the deserted groves.  
Ah, let the happy court the morning still,  
When, in her blooming loveliness array'd,  
She bids fresh beauty light the vale, or hill,  
And rapture warble in the vocal shade.

Sweet

Sweet is the odour of the morning's flower,

And rich in melody her accents rise;

Yet dearer to my soul the shadowy hour,

At which her blossoms close, her music dies—

For then, while languid nature droops her head,

She wakes the tear 'tis luxury to shed.

TO

SENSIBILITY.

THE LIBRARY OF THE



T O

S E N S I B I L I T Y.

I N *Sensibility*'s lov'd praise  
I tune my trembling reed;  
And seek to deck her shrine with bays,  
On which my heart must bleed!

No cold exemption from her pain  
I ever wish'd to know;  
Cheer'd with her transport, I sustain  
Without complaint her woe.

Above

Above whate'er content can give,  
Above the charm of ease,  
The reffless hopes, and fears that live  
With her, have power to please.

Where but for her, were Friendship's power  
To heal the wounded heart,  
To shorten sorrow's ling'ring hour,  
And bid its gloom depart?

'Tis she that lights the melting eye  
With looks to anguish dear;  
She knows the price of ev'ry sigh,  
The value of a tear.

She

She prompts the tender marks of love

Which words can scarce exprefs ;

The heart alone their force can prove,

And feel how much they blefs.

Of every finer blifs the fource !

'Tis fhe on love beftows

The fofter grace, the boundlefs force

Confiding paffion knows ;

When to another, the fond breaft

Each thought for ever gives ;

When on another, leans for reft,

And in another lives !

Quick,

Quick, as the trembling metal flies,

When heat or cold impels,

Her anxious heart to joy can rise,

Or sink where anguish dwells !

Yet tho' her soul must griefs sustain

Which she alone, can know ;

And feel that keener sense of pain

Which sharpens every woe ;

Tho' she the mourner's grief to calm,

Still shares each pang they feel,

And, like the tree distilling balm,

Bleeds, others wounds to heal ;

While



While she, whose bosom fondly true,

Has never wish'd to range ;

One alter'd look will trembling view,

And scarce can bear the change ;

Tho' she, if death the bands should tear,

She vainly thought secure ;

Thro' life must languish in despair

That never hopes a cure ;

Tho' wounded by some vulgar mind,

Unconscious of the deed,

Who never seeks those wounds to bind

But wonders why they bleed ;——

She oft will heave a secret sigh,  
Will shed a lonely tear,  
O'er feelings nature wrought so high,  
And gave on terms so dear ;

Yet who would hard INDIFFERENCE choose,  
Whose breast no tears can steep ?  
Who, for her apathy, would lose  
The sacred power to weep ?

Tho' in a thousand objects, pain,  
And pleasure tremble nigh,  
Those objects strive to reach, in vain,  
The circle of her eye.

Cold, as the fabled god appears

To the poor suppliant's grief,

Who bathes the marble form in tears,

And vainly hopes relief.

Ah *Greville* ! why the gifts refuse

To souls like thine allied ?

No more thy nature seem to lose

No more thy softness hide.

No more invoke the playful sprite

To chill, with magic spell,

The tender feelings of delight,

And anguish sung so well ;

That envied ease thy heart would prove

Were sure too dearly bought

With friendship, sympathy, and love,

And every finer thought.

A SONG.



A S O N G.

I.

N O riches from his scanty store  
My lover could impart;

He gave a boon I valued more——

He gave me all his heart !

II.

His soul sincere, his gen'rous worth,

Might well this bosom move ;

And when I ask'd for bliss on earth,

I only meant his love.

## III.

But now for me, in search of gain

From shore to shore he flies :

Why wander riches to obtain,

When love is all I prize ?

## IV.

The frugal meal, the lowly cot

If blest my love with thee !

That simple fare, that humble lot,

Were more than wealth to me.

## V.

While he the dang'rous ocean braves,

My tears but vainly flow :

Is pity in the faithless waves

To which I pour my woe ?

## VI.

The night is dark, the waters deep,

Yet soft the billows roll ;

Alas ! at every breeze I weep——

The storm is in my soul.





AN  
O D E  
ON THE  
P E A C E.



A N  
O D E  
O N T H E  
P E A C E.

I.

A S wand'ring late on Albion's shore  
That chains the rude tempestuous deep,  
I heard the hollow furies roar  
And vainly beat her guardian steep ;

I heard the rising sounds of woe  
Loud on the storm's wild pinion flow;  
And still they vibrate on the mournful lyre,  
That tunes to grief its sympathetic wire.

## II.

From shores the wide Atlantic laves,  
The spirit of the ocean bears  
In moans, along his western waves,  
Afflicted nature's hopeless cares:  
Enchanting scenes of young delight,  
How chang'd since first ye rose to fight;  
Since first ye rose in infant glories drest  
Fresh from the wave, and rear'd your ample breast.

Her



## III.

Her crested serpents, discord throws  
O'er scenes which love with roses grac'd;  
The flow'ry chain his hands compose,  
She wildly scatters o'er the waste:  
Her glance his playful smile deforms,  
Her frantic voice awakes the storms,  
From land to land, her torches spread their fires,  
While love's pure flame in streams of blood expires.

## IV.

Now burns the savage soul of war,  
While terror flashes from his eyes,  
Lo! waving o'er his fiery car  
Aloft his bloody banner flies:

The

The battle wakes——with awful sound  
He thunders o'er the echoing ground,  
He grasps his reeking blade, while streams of blood  
Tinge the vast plain, and swell the purple flood.

## V.

But softer sounds of sorrow flow ;  
On drooping wing the murm'ring gales  
Have borne the deep complaints of woe  
That rose along the lonely vales——  
Those breezes waft the orphan's cries,  
They tremble to parental sighs,  
And drink a tear for keener anguish shed,  
The tear of faithful love when hope is fled.

The

VI.

The object of her anxious fear  
 Lies pale on earth, expiring, cold,  
 Ere, wing'd by happy love, one year  
 Too rapid in its course, has roll'd :  
 In vain the dying hand she grasps,  
 Hangs on the quiv'ring lip, and clasps  
 The fainting form, that slowly sinks in death,  
 To catch the parting glance, the fleeting breath.

VII.

Pale as the livid corse her cheek,  
 Her tresses torn, her glances wild,—  
 How fearful was her frantic shriek !  
 She wept—and then in horrors smil'd :

She

She gazes now with wild affright,  
Lo! bleeding phantoms rush in fight —  
Hark! on yon mangled form the mourner calls,  
Then on the earth a senseless weight she falls.

## VIII.

And see! o'er gentle André's tomb,  
The victim of his own despair,  
Who fell in life's exulting bloom,  
Nor deem'd that life deserv'd a care;  
O'er the cold earth his relics prest,  
Lo! Britain's drooping legions rest;  
For him the swords they sternly grasp, appear  
Dim with a sigh, and sullied with a tear.



## IX.

While Seward sweeps her plaintive frings,  
While pensive round his sable shrine,  
A radiant zone she graceful flings,  
Where full emblaz'd his virtues shine ;  
The mournful loves that tremble nigh  
Shall catch her warm melodious sigh ;  
The mournful loves shall drink the tears that flow  
From Pity's hov'ring soul, dissolv'd in woe.

## X.

And hark, in Albion's flow'ry vale

A parent's deep complaint I hear !

A sister calls the western gale

To waft her soul-expressive tear ;

'Tis

'Tis Asgill claims that piercing sigh,  
That drop which dims the beauteous eye,  
While on the rack of Doubt Affection proves  
How strong the force which binds the ties she loves.

## XI.

How oft in every dawning grace  
That blossom'd in his early hours,  
Her soul some comfort lov'd to trace,  
And deck'd futurity in flowers!  
But lo! in Fancy's troubled fight  
The dear illusions sink in night;  
She views the murder'd form—the quiv'ring breath,  
The rising virtues chill'd in shades of death.

Cease

XII.

Cease, cease ye throbs of hopeless woe ;

He lives the future hours to bless,

He lives, the purest joy to know,

Parental transports fond excess ;

His sight a father's eye shall chear,

A sister's drooping charms endear :—

The private pang was Albion's gen'rous care,

For him she breath'd a warm accepted prayer.

XIII.

And lo ! a radiant stream of light

Descending, gilds the murky cloud,

Where Desolation's gloomy night

Retiring, folds her sable shroud ;—

It

It flashes o'er the bright'ning deep,  
It softens Britain's frowning steep —  
'Tis mild benignant Peace, enchanting form!  
That gilds the black abyfs, that lulls the storm.

## XIV.

So thro' the dark, impending sky,  
Where clouds, and fullen vapours roll'd,  
Their curling wreaths dissolving fly  
As the faint hues of light unfold —  
The air with spreading azure streams,  
The sun now darts his orient beams —  
And now the mountains glow — the woods are bright —  
While nature hails the season of delight.



## XV.

Mild Peace ! from Albion's fairest bowers  
Pure spirit ! cull with snowy hands,  
The buds that drink the morning showers,  
And bind the realms in flow'ry bands :  
Thy smiles the angry passions chase,  
Thy glance is pleasure's native grace ;  
Around thy form th' exulting virtues move,  
And thy soft call awakes the strain of love.

## XVI.

Bless, all ye powers ! the patriot name  
That courts fair Peace, thy gentle stay ;  
Ah ! gild with glory's light, his fame,  
And glad his life with pleasure's ray !

While,

While, like th' affrighted dove, thy form  
Still shrinks, and fears some latent storm,  
His cares shall sooth thy panting soul to rest,  
And spread thy vernal couch on Albion's breast.

## XVII.

Ye, who have mourn'd the parting hour,  
Which love in darker horrors drew,  
Ye, who have vainly tried to pour  
With falt'ring voice the last adieu!  
When the pale cheek, the bursting sigh,  
The soul that hov'ring in the eye,  
Express'd the pains it felt, the pains it fear'd—  
Ah! paint the youth's return, by grief endear'd.

## XVIII.

Yon hoary form, with aspect mild,  
Deserted knees by anguish prest,  
And seeks from Heav'n his long-lost child,  
To smooth the path that leads to rest!—  
He comes!—to close the sinking eye,  
To catch the faint, expiring sigh;  
A moment's transport stays the fleeting breath,  
And sooths the soul on the pale verge of death.

## XIX.

No more the sanguine wreath shall twine  
On the lost hero's early tomb,  
But hung around thy simple shrine  
Fair Peace! shall milder glories bloom.

Lo!

Lo! commerce lifts her drooping head  
Triumphal, Thames! from thy deep bed;  
And bears to Albion, on her sail sublime,  
The riches Nature gives each happier clime.

## XX.

She fearless prints the polar snows,  
Mid' horrors that reject the day;  
Along the burning line she glows,  
Nor shrinks beneath the torrid ray:  
She opens India's glitt'ring mine,  
Where streams of light reflected shine;  
Wafts the bright gems to Britain's temp'rate vale,  
And breathes her odours on the northern gale.

While



## XXI.

While from the far-divided shore  
Where liberty unconquer'd roves,  
Her ardent glance shall oft' explore  
The parent isle her spirit loves ;  
Shall spread upon the western main  
— Harmonious concord's golden chain,  
While stern on Gallia's ever hostile strand  
From Albion's cliff she pours her daring band.

## XXII.

Yet hide the sabre's hideous glare  
Whose edge is bath'd in streams of blood,  
The lance that quivers high in air,  
And falling drinks a purple flood ;

For Britain ! fear shall seize thy foes,  
While freedom in thy senate glows,  
While peace shall smile upon thy cultur'd plain,  
With grace and beauty her attendant train.

## XXIII.

Enchanting visions sooth my sight—  
The finer arts no more oppress'd,  
Benignant source of pure delight !  
On her soft bosom love to rest.  
While each discordant sound expires,  
Strike harmony ! strike all thy wires ;  
The fine vibrations of the spirit move  
And touch the springs of rapture and of love.

XXIV.

Bright painting's living forms shall rise;  
 And wrapt in Ugolino's woe \*,  
 Shall Reynolds wake unbidden sighs;  
 And Romney's graceful pencil flow,  
 That Nature's look benign pourtrays †,  
 When to her infant Shakspeare's gaze  
 The partial nymph " unveil'd her awful face,"  
 And bade his " colours clear" her features trace.

XXV.

And poesy ! thy deep-ton'd shell  
 The heart shall sooth, the spirit fire,  
 And all the passions sink, or swell,  
 In true accordance to the lyre.

\* " UGOLINO's woe"—a celebrated picture by Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, taken from DANTE.

† " Nature's look benign pourtrays"—a subject Mr. ROMNEY has taken from GRAY's Progress of Poesy.

Oh ! ever wake its heav'nly sound,  
Oh ! call thy lovely visions round ;  
Strew the soft path of peace with fancy's flowers,  
With raptures bless the soul that feels thy powers.

## XXVI.

While Hayley wakes thy magic string,  
His shades shall no rude sound profane,  
But stillness on her folded wing,  
Enamour'd catch his soothing strain :  
Tho' genius breathe its purest flame  
——Around his lyre's enchanting frame ;  
Tho' music there in every period roll,  
More warm his friendship, and more pure his soul.



## XXVII.

While taste refines a polish'd age,

While her own *Hurd* shall bid us trace

The lustre of the finish'd page

Where symmetry sheds perfect grace ;

With sober and collected ray

To fancy, judgment shall display

The faultless model, where accomplish'd art

From nature draws a charm that leads the heart.

## XXVIII.

Th' historic Muse illumines the maze

For ages veil'd in gloomy night,

Where empire with meridian blaze

Once trod ambition's giddy height :

Tho' headlong from the dang'rous steep  
Its pageants roll'd with wasteful sweep,  
Her tablet still records the deeds of fame  
And wakes the patriot's, and the hero's flame.

## XXIX.

While meek philosophy explores  
Creation's vast stupendous round;  
Sublime her piercing vision soars,  
And bursts the system's distant bound.  
Lo! mid' the dark deep void of space  
A rushing world \* her eye can trace!—

\* Alluding to Mr. Herschel's wonderful discoveries, and particularly to his discovery of a new planet called the Georgium Sidus.

It moves majestic in its ample sphere,  
Sheds its long light, and rolls its ling'ring year.

## XXX.

Ah! still diffuse thy genial ray,  
Fair Science, on my Albion's plain!  
And still thy grateful homage pay  
Where Montagu has rear'd her fane;  
Where eloquence and wit entwine  
Their attic wreath around her shrine;  
And still, while Learning shall unfold her store,  
With their bright signet stamp the classic ore.

## XXXI.

Enlight'ning Peace ! for thine the hours  
That wisdom decks in moral grace,  
And thine invention's fairy powers,  
The charm improv'd of nature's face ;  
Propitious come ! in silence laid  
Beneath thy olive's grateful shade,  
Pour the mild blifs that sooths the tuneful mind,  
And in thy zone the hostile spirit bind.

## XXXII.

While Albion on her parent deep  
Shall rest, may glory light her shore,  
May honour there his vigils keep  
Till time shall wing its course no more ;

Till



Till angels wrap the spheres in fire,  
 Till earth and yon fair orbs expire,  
 While chaos mounted on the wafting flame,  
 Shall spread eternal shade o'er nature's frame.



# EDWIN AND ELTRÚDA,

A

## LEGENDARY TALE.

*Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain ;  
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,  
And the free maids, that weave their thread with bones  
Do use to chant it. It is silly, sooth,  
And dallies with the innocence of love,  
Like the old age.*

SHAKSPEARE'S TWELFTH NIGHT.





EDWIN AND ELTRUDA.

A

LEGENDARY TALE.

WHERE the pure Derwent's waters glide

Along their mossy bed,

Close by the river's verdant side,

A castle rear'd its head.

The

The ancient pile by time is raz'd,  
Where Gothic trophies frown'd ;  
Where once the gilded armour blaz'd,  
And banners wav'd around.

There liv'd a chief, well known to fame,  
A bold advent'rous knight ;  
Renown'd for victory ; his name  
In glory's annals bright.

What time in martial pomp he led  
His gallant, chosen train ;  
The foe, who oft had conquer'd, fled,  
Indignant fled, the plain.

Yet

Yet milder virtues he possess,  
And gentler passions felt ;  
For in his calm and yielding breast  
The soft affections dwell.

No rugged toils the heart could feel,  
By nature form'd to prove  
Whate'er the tender mind can feel,  
In friendship, or in love.

He lost the partner of his breast,  
Who sooth'd each rising care ;  
And ever charm'd the pains to rest  
She ever lov'd to share.

From

64 EDWIN AND ELTRUDA,

From solitude he hop'd relief,  
And this lone mansion sought,  
To cherish there his faithful grief,  
To nurse the tender thought.

There, to his bosom fondly dear,  
An infant daughter smil'd,  
And oft the mourner's falling tear  
Bedew'd his Emma's child.

The tear, as o'er the babe he hung,  
Would tremble in his eye ;  
While blessings, falt'ring on his tongue,  
Were breath'd but in a sigh.

Tho'



Tho' time could never heal the wound,

It sooth'd the hopeless pain ;

And in his child he thought he found

His Emma liv'd again.

Soft, as the dews of morn arise,

And on the pale flower gleam ;

So soft Eltruda's melting eyes

With love and pity beam.

As drest in charms, the lonely flower

Smiles in the desert vale ;

With beauty gilds the morning hour,

And scents the evening gale ;

So

66 EDWIN AND ELTRUDA,

So liv'd in solitude, unseen,

This lovely, peerless maid ;

So grac'd the wild, sequester'd scene,

And blossom'd in the shade.

Yet love could pierce the lone recess,

For there he likes to dwell ;

To leave the noisy crowd, and bless

With happiness the cell.

To wing his sure resistless dart,

Where all its force is known ;

And rule the undivided heart

Despotic, and alone.

Young

Young Edwin charm'd her gentle breast,

Tho' scanty all his store ;

No hoarded treasures he possesseth,

Yet he could boast of more.

For he could boast the lib'ral heart ;

And honour, sense, and truth,

Unwarp'd by vanity or art,

Adorn'd the gen'rous youth.

The maxims of a servile age,

The mean, the selfish care,

The sordid views, that now engage

The mercenary pair ;

Whom

Whom riches can unite, or part,

To them were still unknown ;

For then the sympathetic heart

Was join'd by love alone.

They little knew, that wealth had power

To make the constant rove ;

They little knew the weighty dower

Could add one bliss to love.

Her virtues every charm improv'd,

Or made those charms more dear ;

For surely virtue to be lov'd

Has only to appear.

Domestic



Domestic bliss, unvex'd by strife,  
Beguil'd the circling hours ;  
She, who on every path of life  
Can shed perennial flowers.

Eltruda, o'er the distant mead,  
Would haste, at closing day,  
And to the bleating mother lead  
The lamb, that chanc'd to stray.

For the bruise'd insect on the waste,  
A sigh would heave her breast ;  
And oft her careful hand replac'd  
The linnet's falling nest.

To her, sensations calm as these

Could sweet delight impart ;

These simple pleasures most can please

The uncorrupted heart.

Full oft with eager step she flies

To cheer the roofless cot,

Where the lone widow breathes her sighs,

And wails her desp'rate lot.

Their weeping mother's trembling knees,

Her lisping infants clasp ;

Their meek, imploring look she sees,

She feels their tender grasp.

Wild throbs her aching bosom swell——

They mark the bursting sigh,  
(Nature has form'd the soul to feel)

They weep, unknowing why.

Her hands the lib'ral boon impart,

And much her tear avails  
To raise the mourner's drooping heart,  
Where feeble utterance fails.

On the pale cheek, where hung the tear

Of agonizing woe,  
She bids the cheerful bloom appear,  
The tear of rapture flow.

Thus

Thus on soft wing the moments flew,

(Tho' love implor'd their stay)

While some new virtue rose to view,

And mark'd each fleeting day.

The youthful poet's soothing dream

Of golden ages past ;

The muse's fond, ideal theme,

Was realiz'd at last.

But vainly here we hope, that bliss

Unchanging will endure ;

Ah, in a world so vain as this,

What heart can rest secure !



For now arose the fatal day

For civil discord fam'd ;

When *York*, from *Lancaster's* proud sway,

The regal sceptre claim'd.

Each moment now the horrors brought

Of desolating rage ;

The fam'd atchievements now were wrought,

That swell th' historic page.

The good old Albert pants, again

To dare the hostile field,

The cause of Henry to maintain,

For him, the launce to wield.

But oh, a thousand gen'rous ties,

That bind the hero's soul;

A thousand tender claims arise,

And Edwin's breast controul.

Tho' passion pleads in Henry's cause,

And Edwin's heart would sway;

Yet honour's stern, imperious laws,

The brave will still obey.

Oppress'd with many an anxious care,

Full oft Eltruda sigh'd;

Complaining that relentless war

Should those she lov'd—divide.

At length the parting morn arose,  
In gloomy vapours drest ;  
The penfive maiden's sorrow flows,  
And terror heaves her breast.

A thousand pangs the father feels,  
A thousand rising fears,  
While clinging at his feet she kneels,  
And bathes them with her tears.

A pitying tear bedew'd his cheek,——  
From his lov'd child he flew ;  
O'erwhelm'd, the father could not speak,  
He could not say——“ adieu !”

Arm'd for the field, her lover came,

He saw her pallid look,

And trembling seizè her drooping frame,

While fault'ring, thus he spoke :

“ This cruel tenderness but wounds

“ The heart it means to bless ;

“ Those falling tears, those mournful sounds

“ Increase the vain distress.”——

“ If fate, she answer'd, has decreed

“ That on the hostile plain,

“ My Edwin's faithful heart must bleed,

“ And swell the heap of slain ;

“ Trust



“ Trust me, my love, I’ll not complain,

“ I’ll shed no fruitless tear ;

“ Not one weak drop my cheek shall stain,

“ Or tell what passes here !

“ Oh, let thy fate of others claim

“ A tear, a mournful sigh ;

“ I’ll only murmur thy dear name——

“ Call on my love—and die !”

But ah ! how vain for words to tell

The pang their bosoms prov’d ;

They only will conceive it well,

They only, who have lov’d.

78 EDWIN AND ELTRUDA,

The timid muse forbears to say

What laurels Edwin gain'd ;

How Albert long renown'd, that day

His ancient fame maintain'd.

The bard, who feels congenial fire,

May sing of martial strife ;

And with heroic sounds, inspire

The gen'rous scorn of life ;

But ill the theme would suit her reed,

Who, wand'ring thro' the grove,

Forgets the conq'ring hero's meed,

And gives a tear to love.

Tho'

Tho' long the closing day was fled,  
The fight they still maintain ;  
While night a deeper horror shed  
Along the darken'd plain.

To Albert's breast an arrow flew,  
He felt a mortal wound ;  
The drops that warm'd his heart, bedew  
The cold, and flinty ground.

The foe, who aim'd the fatal dart,  
Now heard his dying sighs ;  
Compassion touch'd his yielding heart,  
To Albert's aid he flies.

While round the chief his arms he cast,

While oft he deeply sigh'd,

And seem'd, as if he mourn'd the past,

Old Albert faintly cried ;

“ Tho' nature heaves these parting groans,

“ Without complaint I die ;

“ Yet one dear care my heart still owns,

“ Still feels one tender tie,

“ For York, a warrior known to fame,

“ Uplifts the hostile spear ;

“ Edwin the blooming hero's name,

“ To Albert's bosom dear,

“ Oh,



“ Oh, tell him my expiring sigh,

“ Say my last words implor’d

“ To my despairing child to fly,

“ To her he once ador’d”——

He spoke ! but oh, what mournful strain,

Whose force the soul can melt,

What moving numbers shall explain

The pang that Edwin felt ?

The pang that Edwin now reveal’d——

For he the warrior prest,

(Whom the dark shades of night conceal’d)

Close to his throbbing breast.

“ Fly, fly he cried, my touch profane——

“ Oh, how the rest impart ?

“ Rever'd old man !—could Edwin stain

“ With Albert's blood the dart !”

His languid eyes he meekly rais'd,

Which seem'd for ever clos'd ;

On the pale youth with pity gaz'd,

And then in death repos'd.

“ I'll go, the hapless Edwin said,

“ And breathe a last adieu !

“ And with the drops despair will shed,

“ My mournful love bedew.

“ I'll

" I'll go to her for ever dear,

" To catch her melting sigh,

" To wipe from her pale cheek the tear,

" And at her feet to die."——

And as to her for ever dear

The frantic mourner flew,

To wipe from her pale cheek the tear,

And breathe a last adieu ;

Appall'd his troubled fancy sees

Eltruda's anguish flow ;

And hears in every passing breeze,

The plaintive sound of woe.

Meanwhile the anxious maid, whose tears

In vain would heav'n implore ;

Of Albert's fate despairing hears,

But yet had heard no more.

She saw her much-lov'd Edwin near,

She saw, and deeply sigh'd ;

Her cheek was bath'd in many a tear ;

At length she faintly cried ;

“ Unceasing grief this heart must prove,

“ Its dearest ties are broke ;——

“ Oh, say, what ruthless arm, my love,

“ Could aim the fatal stroke ?

“ Could



“ Could not thy hand, my Edwin, thine,

“ Have warded off the blow ?

“ For oh, he was not only mine,

“ He was *thy* father too !”

No more the youth could pangs endure

His lips could never tell ;

From death he vainly hop'd a cure,

As cold, on earth he fell.

She flew, she gave her sorrows vent,

A thousand tears she pour'd ;

Her mournful voice, her moving plaint,

The youth to life restor'd.

“ Why

86 EDWIN AND ELTRUDA,

“ Why does thy bosom throb with pain

“ She cried, my Edwin, speak ;

“ Or sure, unable to sustain

“ This grief, my heart will break.

“ Yes, it will break—he fault’ring cried,

“ For me will life resign——

“ Then trembling know thy father died——

“ And know the guilt was mine !”

“ It is enough,” with short, quick breath,

Exclaim’d the fainting maid ;

She spoke no more, but seem’d from death

To look for instant aid.

In plaintive accents, Edwin cries,

“ And have I murder’d thee ?

“ To other worlds thy spirit flies,

“ And mine this stroke shall free.”

His hand the lifted weapon grasp’d,

The steel he firmly prest :

When wildly she arose, and clasp’d

Her lover to her breast.

“ Methought, she cried with panting breath,

“ My Edwin talk’d of peace ;

“ I knew ’twas only found in death,

“ And fear’d that sad release.

“ I clasp

88 EDWIN AND ELTRUDA,

“ I clasp him still ! ’twas but a dream——

“ Help yon wide wound to close,

“ From which a father’s spirits stream,

“ A father’s life-blood flows.

“ But see, from thee he shrinks, nor would

“ Be blasted by thy touch ;——

“ Ah, tho’ my Edwin spilt thy blood,

“ Yet once he lov’d thee much.

“ My father, yet in pity stay !——

“ I see his white beard wave ;

“ A spirit beckons him away,

“ And points to yonder grave.

“ Alas,



" Alas, my love, I trembling hear

" A father's last adieu ;

" I see, I see, the falling tear

" His wrinkled cheek bedew,

" He's gone, and here his ashes sleep——

" I do not heave a sigh,

" His child a father does not weep——

" For, ah, my brain is dry !

" But come, together let us rove,

" At the pale hour of night ;

" When the moon wand'ring thro' the grove,

" Shall pour her faintest light.

" We'll

90 EDWIN AND ELTRUDA,

“ We’ll gather from the rosy bow’r  
“ The fairest wreaths that bloom :  
“ We’ll cull, my love, each op’ning flower,  
“ To deck his hallow’d tomb.

“ We’ll thither, from the distant dale,  
“ A weeping willow bear ;  
“ And plant a lily of the vale,  
“ A drooping lily there.

“ We’ll shun the face of glaring day,  
“ Eternal silence keep ;  
“ Thro’ the dark wood together stray,  
“ And only live to weep.

“ But

“ But hark, ’tis come—the fatal time

“ When, Edwin, we must part ;

“ Some angel tells me ’tis a crime

“ To hold thee to my heart.

“ My father’s spirit hovers near——

“ Alas, he comes to chide ;

“ Is there no means, my Edwin dear,

“ The fatal deed to hide ?

“ Yet, Edwin, if th’ offence be thine,

“ Too soon I can forgive ;

“ But, oh, the guilt would all be mine,

“ Could I endure to live.

“ Fare-

92 EDWIN AND ELTRUDA,

“ Farewel, my love, for, oh, I faint,

“ Of pale despair I die;

“ And see, that hoary, murder’d faint

“ Descends from yon blue sky.

“ Poor, weak old man ! he comes my love,

“ To lead to heav’n the way ;

“ He knows not heaven will joyless prove,

“ If Edwin here must stay !”——

“ Oh, who can bear this pang !” he cry’d,

Then to his bosom prest

The dying maid, who piteous sigh’d,

And sunk to endless rest.

He



He saw her eyes for ever close,

He heard her latest sigh,

And yet no tear of anguish flows

From his distracted eye.

He feels within his shiv'ring veins,

A mortal chillness rise ;

Her pallid corse he feebly strains——

And on her bosom dies.

\* \* \* \* \*

No longer may their hapless lot

The mournful muse engage ;

She wipes away the tears, that blot

The melancholy page.

For

94 EDWIN AND ELTRUDA, &c.

For heav'n in love, dissolves the ties

That chain the spirit here ;

And distant far for ever flies

The blessing held most dear ;

To bid the suff'ring soul aspire

A higher bliss to prove ;

To wake the pure, refin'd desire,

The hope that rests above !——

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N.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF CHARLES THE FIRST

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON

IN TEN VOLUMES

LONDON: Printed by A. MILLAR, in Pall-mall.

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N.

W H I L E thee I seek, protecting Power !

Be my vain wishes still'd ;

And may this consecrated hour

With better hopes be fill'd.

Thy love the powers of thought bestow'd,

To thee my thoughts would soar ;

Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd——

That mercy I adore.

In each event of life, how clear,  
Thy ruling hand I see ;  
Each blessing to my soul more dear,  
Because conferr'd by thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,  
In every pain I bear,  
My heart shall find delight in praise,  
Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favour'd hour,  
Thy love my thoughts shall fill :  
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow lower,  
My soul shall meet thy will.

My

My lifted eye without a tear

The lowring storm shall see ;

My stedfast heart shall know no fear——

That heart will rest on Thee !





P A R A P H R A S E S

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S C R I P T U R E.

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*The day is thine, the night also is thine; thou hast  
prepared the light and the sun.*

*Thou hast set all the borders of the earth; thou hast  
made summer and winter.*

PSALM lxxiv. 16, 17.

**M**Y God! all nature owns thy sway,

Thou giv'st the night, and thou the day!

When all thy lov'd creation wakes,

When morning, rich in lustre breaks,

And bathes in dew the op'ning flower,

To thee we owe her fragrant hour;

And when she pours her choral song,

Her melodies to thee belong!

Or when, in paler tints array'd,  
The evening slowly spreads her shade ;  
That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,  
Can more than day's enliv'ning bloom  
Still every fond, and vain desire,  
And calmer, purer, thoughts inspire ;  
From earth the pensive spirit free,  
And lead the soften'd heart to Thee.

In every scene thy hands have drest,  
In every form by thee imprest,  
Upon the mountain's awful head,  
Or where the sheltering woods are spread ;  
In every note that swells the gale,  
Or tuneful stream that cheers the vale,  
The cavern's depth, or echoing grove,  
A voice is heard of praise, and love.



As o'er thy work the seasons roll,  
And sooth with change of bliss, the soul,  
Oh never may their smiling train  
Pass o'er the human scene in vain !  
But oft as on the charm we gaze,  
Attune the wond'ring soul to praise ;  
And be the joys that most we prize,  
The joys that from thy favour rise !

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*Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should  
not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea,  
they may forget, yet will I not forget thee.*

ISAIAH xlix. 15.

**H**EAVEN speaks! Oh Nature listen and re-  
joice!

Oh spread from pole to pole this gracious voice!

“ Say every breast of human frame, that proves

“ The boundless force with which a parent loves;

“ Say, can a mother from her yearning heart

“ Bid the soft image of her child depart?

“ She! whom strong instinct arms with strength

“ to bear

“ All forms of ill, to shield that dearest care;

- “ She ! who with anguish stung, with madness wild,  
“ Will rush on death to save her threaten’d child ;  
“ All selfish feelings banish’d from her breast,  
“ Her life one aim to make another’s blest.  
“ When her vex’d infant to her bosom clings,  
“ When round her neck his eager arms he flings ;  
“ Breathes to her list’ning soul his melting sigh,  
“ And lifts suffus’d with tears his asking eye !  
“ Will she for all ambition can attain,  
“ The charms of pleasure, or the lures of gain,  
“ Betray strong Nature’s feelings, will she prove  
“ Cold to the claims of duty, and of love ?  
“ But should the mother from her yearning heart  
“ Bid the soft image of her child depart ;  
“ When the vex’d infant to her bosom clings  
“ When round her neck his eager arms he flings ;  
“ Should



" Should she un pitying hear his melting sigh,  
 " And view unmov'd the tear that fills his eye ;  
 " Should she for all ambition can attain,  
 " The charms of pleasure, or the lures of gain,  
 " Betray strong Nature's feelings——should she  
 " prove

" Cold to the claims of duty, and of love !  
 " Yet never will the God, whose word gave birth  
 " To yon illumin'd orbs, and this fair earth ;  
 " Who thro' the boundless depths of trackless space  
 " Bade new-wak'd beauty spread each perfect grace ;  
 " Yet when he form'd the vast stupendous whole,  
 " Shed his best bounties on the human soul ;  
 " Which reason's light illumines, which friendship  
 " warms,

" Which pity softens, and which virtue charms ;

" Which

“ Which feels the pure affections gen’rous glow,

“ Shares others joy, and bleeds for others woe—

“ Oh never will the gen’ral Father prove

“ Of man forgetful, man the child of love !”

When all those planets in their ample spheres

Have wing’d their course, and roll’d their destin’d years;

When the vast sun shall veil his golden light

Deep in the gloom of everlasting night ;

When wild, destructive flames shall wrap the skies,

When Chaos triumphs, and when Nature dies ;

Man shall alone the wreck of worlds survive,

Midst falling spheres, immortal man shall live !

The voice which bade the last dread thunders roll,

Shall whisper to the good, and cheer their soul.

God shall himself his favour’d creature guide

Where living waters pour their blissful tide,

Where

Where the enlarg'd, exulting, wond'ring mind  
 Shall soar, from weakness and from guilt refin'd ;  
 Where perfect knowledge, bright with cloudless rays,  
 Shall gild eternity's unmeasur'd days ;  
 Where friendship, unembitter'd by distrust,  
 Shall in immortal bands unite the just ;  
 Devotion rais'd to rapture breathe her strain,  
 And love in his eternal triumph reign !

*What-*

When the country was first settled, the  
settlers found the land very fertile,  
and the people who lived there were  
very happy. They had many children,  
and the country was very rich.  
The people who lived there were  
very happy, and the country was  
very rich. The people who lived  
there were very happy, and the  
country was very rich.

The people who lived there were  
very happy, and the country was  
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very happy, and the country was  
very rich. The people who lived  
there were very happy, and the  
country was very rich.



*Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.*

MATT. vii. 12.

**P**RECEPT divine ! to earth in mercy given,

O sacred rule of action, worthy heaven !

Whose pitying love ordain'd the bless'd command

To bind our nature in a firmer band ;

Enforce each human suff'rer's strong appeal,

And teach the selfish breast what others feel ;

Wert thou the guide of life, mankind might know

A soft exemption from the worst of woe ;

No more the powerful would the weak oppress,

But tyrants learn the luxury to bless ;

No

No more would slav'ry bind a hopeless train  
Of human victims, in her galling chain;  
Mercy the hard, the cruel heart would move  
To soften mis'ry by the deeds of love;  
And av'rice from his hoarded treasures give  
Unask'd, the liberal boon, that want might live!  
The impious tongue of falshood then would cease  
To blast, with dark suggestions, virtue's peace;  
No more would spleen, or passion banish rest  
And plant a pang in fond affection's breast;  
By one harsh word, one alter'd look, destroy  
Her peace, and wither every op'ning joy;  
Scarce can her tongue the captious wrong explain,  
The slight offence which gives so deep a pain!  
Th' affected ease that flights her starting tear,  
The words whose coldness kills from lips so dear;—

The

The hand she loves, alone can point the dart,  
 Whose hidden sting could wound no other heart—  
 These, of all pains the sharpest we endure,  
 The breast which now inflicts, would spring to  
 cure.——

No more deserted genius then, would fly  
 To breathe in solitude his hopeless sigh;  
 No more would Fortune's partial smile debase  
 The spirit, rich in intellectual grace;  
 Who views unmov'd from scenes where pleasures  
 bloom,

The flame of genius sunk in mis'ry's gloom;  
 The soul heav'n form'd to soar, by want deprest,  
 Nor heeds the wrongs that pierce a kindred breast.—  
 Thou righteous Law! whose clear and useful light  
 Sheds on the mind a ray divinely bright;

Con-

Condensing in one rule whate'er the fage  
 Has proudly taught, in many a labour'd page;  
 Bid every heart thy hallow'd voice revere,  
 To justice sacred, and to nature dear!

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.